thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him ſure; yea and i'le ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee gra
I'le guild it with the happieſt termes

A retreate is ſound

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat,
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of
To ſee what friends are living, who a

Fal. I'le follow, as they ſay, for rew
God reward him. If I do grow great,
purge and leave Sacke, and live cleane
doe.

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King,
John *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* W
Worceſter *and* Vernon

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſen
Pardon and termes of love to all of y
And wouldſt thou turne our offers co
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans tru
Three Knights upon our party ſlayne
A noble Earle, and many a creature el
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truely
Betwixt our armies true intelligence

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it fals on m

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death,
Other offenders we will pauſe upon
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowgla*
The fortune of the day turn'd quite fr
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his me
Upon the foote of feare, fled with t
And falling from a hill, he was ſo b
That the purſuers tooke him. At my
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your G
I may diſpoſe of him:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37